

Webbie Flow

Isaiah Rashad

My dick I know it's, yeah, on you, yeah

Baby, can you sucky on my dick? I know it's big enough
Round with a nigga from a the South, I know you feel the rush
Fucking with a nigga, bitches rarely ever get a touch
Better feel privileged, catch another, you can hit the dust
I done grown up from my child sake, black and mouth face
Look up loud place, never crowd place
Never skirt chase, maybe first grade
Never last place, never had brakes
Pop a transmission, always had faith
Always had trace, always had James
In that duplex, hit a suplex, fuck a crew neck
Spottie solo up in that recess
Never regress, Georgia peaches
Grab her cheek ass, such a slutbag
Baby nut rag, never cuff that
Love a hoodrat where there's puss at
Barely have me going on that Sosa, I never go back
I never hit it raw again, fucking with the law again
Picking up trash on highways, never my way
Blase blase, sneaking shotty
Fuck a Friday, I'm with Chugging bombay, fuck your turn up
Fuck your turn out, we gon burn up
Fuck your mosh pit, I'm on my shit
On that Tribe shit, got that Phife Dawg
I might bite, bitch, I'm on tablet
Scribble down, I'm rapping like Kool
Inspire all my local jokers who be quitting that school
They be hating that job, I was hating that too
I was flipping your burger high as a bitch, but I'm cool
I think I'm blessed now
I only stress about the stress now since I'm fresh now
I pull that motherfucking dress down

Never gonna testify, girl
And I'm gonna touch your thighs
I'm gon' spend the night, girl
You like

I heard that you was serving all that pussy, wasn't going for